

Hallowed

by Dance Elle Dance

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__**Disclaimer: **__I don't own Halloween.__

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_Okay, so this is my longest oneshot ever and this is probably a bit "out there" but I really couldn't help myself. I was watching Investigation Discovery like any good, morbid girl out there, and then this idea just hit me. What if Michael was a serial killer...well, for lack of a better word, in the real world? By our standards? If that makes any sense at all. Anyway! Enough of my, admittedly, crazy and creepy ramblings. I really hope that y'all enjoy this, because it's something I've been itching to write! Happy Halloween! _

* * *

><p>Hallowed

* * *

><p>"Haddonfield, Illinois, has been my home since I was a boy. I remember going from door to door each Halloween, in various costumes,

begging for candy and eating the lot before I even arrived home.

However, for the last twenty years, these innocent moments have been few and far between. These moments have been replaced by fear and paranoia, by blood spilled with no overt cause.

For the last twenty years, a killer stalked the streets of this town without compassion, without pause, without mercy. Dubbed The Devil's Night Killer by press, the case held the nation's attention since his first killing spree. Meticulous as well as brutal, this killer struck on the week leading up to Halloween, leading many renowned psychologists - including yours truly - to believe that this person had some sort of history with that time of the year. The killer used a knife, stabbing victims thirty one times - never more, never less - and mostly at three in the morning. The majority of the victims were women, but a pattern had been noted that most of these women were killed with their boyfriends. The importance of that fact will come into light later.

_As for my current feelings on this case, on the man apprehended...well, I'll leave those for you to discern for yourself as you read on. Most days, I don't even know how I feel about this case, about these victims - both living and dead. _

Though, I must admit, I have never been more vexed by a killer than I have been by Michael Myers."

Dr. Sam Loomis
>Excerpt from "The Devil's Eyes"<p>

* * *

><p>The morning was a normal one for Annie.<p>

Birds chirped outside her window as she rolled over to gaze at the empty space of her bed where her husband would have been. She sighed, pursing her lips a bit, and then rose from her lying position and moved over to the windows. Wincing as the sun stung at her eyes, she ran a hand through her unfortunately mussed hair before the sound of the shower running registered in her ears.

A mischievous feeling coming over her, she turned around and headed directly for the bathroom.

The door was unlocked. He never locked it, and he might one day regret it, but for now Annie didn't care. It was precisely 7:17 am and she really didn't want to go to work. She should at least have _some _fun before having to go clock in.

A faint white mist poured from the bathroom door as she opened it. Her husband liked his showers scalding hot, so much so that it steamed up any mirror in the vicinity. Annie smiled to herself as she shut the door behind her as quietly as she could. She knew that wouldn't help anything. Her husband was far too perceptive to be tricked by her childish entrance. The fact she giggled upon entry didn't help matters, either.

She allowed herself to gaze at him, clearly visible through the glass of the shower door. The strange patterns in the glass caused him to

look distorted, but she stared nonetheless, a feeling of excitement quivering in her stomach. No matter how many times she initiated things like this, her nerves never entirely went away, and this time was no different. Even as she slid out of her nightgown, she found herself trembling with excitement.

Sliding the shower door open as minimally as she could, Annie crawled into the shower, getting a nice view of her significant other's backside as she did so. Shutting it behind her, she immediately pressed her fingers against his back, feeling the slickness of his skin and the small droplets of water that bounced off him as he stood in the spray.

Standing on her tiptoes to press a kiss to his shoulder blade - he had always been so much bigger than she - Annie whispered, "Morning."

A singular, rough chuckle was grasped from him. And that was an accomplishment. Annie sometimes thought she was the only one that ever made him laugh, or smile, or anything of the sort, but then again she was probably fooling herself.

Michael Myers was a quiet man, but that never was a problem for the two of them.

After all, Annie smirked as he pressed his mouth to her bare neck, _I'm talkative enough for the both of us._

* * *

><p>The numbers passed her face in a blur. She tapped mechanically on the calculator at her side, desperately waiting for the clock to roll around to five o'clock so she could go home and just...not do anything.<p>

Well, that wasn't exactly the truth. Michael ate like a horse, so naturally she'd have to cook him his dinner before she did any kind of relaxing of any sort. But she didn't mind. It was actually some of the only time they were allowed each other. Both their jobs were time consuming, so basically the only time they had together was supper and bedtime. And the morning before work.

"You look like death on two legs, hon," one of Annie's co-workers, Lynda, said in her jovial manner. She slung a lock of blonde hair over her shoulder and continued, "Why don't you go home early today?"

"Yeah?" she asked, hating to be the least bit hopeful.

"Yeah," Lynda nudged Annie with an elbow. "But you owe me lunch next time."

Brightened, Annie chirped a thanks, kissed her friend on the cheek, and rushed out of the building.

* * *

><p>The sight of his work boots by the door gave Annie a little twinge of excitement.<p>

It was a definite rare occurrence, the two of them being home early, hours before their workday ended, but it was welcomed. Even through all these years being a married couple, Annie never lost that spark of seeing her spouse. It seemed cheesy, but it was true for her.

Shutting the door behind her, she stepped forward and hung her coat on the rack near the door. The chilly wind of late October was something she enjoyed, but she didn't like being out in it long.

Upon entering their home, she noticed a fire already started in the fireplace, coffee brewing in the pot with two mugs already sitting on the counter in front of it. However, her husband was no where in sight.

Cocking her head to the side, she called out his name. Receiving nothing in response, she quickly checked the rooms downstairs before heading into the upper part of the house. Her feet squeaked on the fifth step - a little quirk of their house. She stated craning her head to look for him even before she bounded up the top step, and found nothing.

Deciding that their bedroom would be a good bet, she walked in through the open door, hearing immediately the sound of the sink running.

As she made her way further in the bedroom, she noticed the all too familiar newspaper clipping, lying on the dresser, glaring like an open wound.

She could recite the article by heart, but again, she read it anyway with an increasingly heavy feeling in her chest.

FAMILY MURDERED IN HOME. TEN YEAR OLD SON ONLY SURVIVOR.

> On October 31st, members of the Myers family were found slain in their own home. The sole survivor of the slaying being ten-year-old Michael Myers. The young boy returned home from school to find his mother, Deborah Myers, and his two sisters eighteen-year-old Judith Myers and four-month-old Angel Myers, murdered. The main suspect is by the name of Charlie Mansfield, a man who has been stated to have been in a romantic relationship with Sherri Myers, and who has been reported in five domestic disturbances in the past two years, three of which involved Myers herself -

Annie flicked the old, yellowed newspaper article with a finger. Of course he would bring this out now. It was just days before the anniversary of his family's deaths. He still hardly talked about it, even to this day. She still didn't know all of the details about what happened, about the way Michael was found. But she had heard the stories. A little boy, screaming and holding his dead baby sister in his arms, curled up against the fallen body of his mother. Blood everywhere. The eldest sister crumpled and broken on the stairs like the wickedest rag doll imaginable...

A delicate shudder passed over her frame.

She never liked to think that way, of her husband - who seemed so large and imposing - as a small child, crying out for a mother that

would never hear him again -

"You don't need to look at that, Annie."

Annie jumped. She hadn't even heard him exit the bathroom. He was drying his hands with a fluffy white towel before hanging it back on the small towel rack that adorned the wall of the bathroom.

"...sorry..." she said, feeling sheepish and stupid for getting caught. "I..."

He approached her slowly, not saying a word. Michael's large hand swooped out and grasped the article, tucking it in his breast pocket before saying, "It's alright."

He turned to leave the room, but before he could vanish down the stairs, Annie muttered, "You don't need to look at it either."

* * *

><p>Alarm. Wake. Shower. Work.<p>

It all started to blur together after a while.

At least it was Halloween in a few days. Everything was in full swing. Orange and black decorated the town. Skeletons and pumpkins and witches were commonplace. Annie never decorated the house, seeing as it was a sensitive topic for Michael, but that didn't mean she couldn't enjoy the decorations.

A child in a pair of footy pajamas adorned with jack o' lanterns wheeled by her in a stroller, his frantic mother talking on her cell phone. Annie looked longingly at the child, an ache settling in her stomach.

Clearing her throat, she steeled herself and headed into work.

* * *

><p>While on her lunch break, Annie was pulled from her pleasant musings of kids in costumes when Lynda rushed into the break room, a blonde hurricane of curse words and clicking heels.<p>

"What is it?" Annie could hardly get the question out before Lynda grabbed the remote from the shelf on which the television was seated. Blinking and confused, Annie rose from her seat, brows knitted together in thought, as Lynda mashed frantically on the 'power' button.

As she scrolled to the news, Annie desperately tried to pry words out of Lynda that weren't inappropriate for general audiences. She abandoned her sandwich and stepped forward, pressing a hand to Lynda's thin shoulder. "Lynda!"

"Look," she snarled, out of her robotic state.

Annie fixed her eyes on the television, stopped on the local news. A reporter with a really bad blonde dye job was rattling off facts like a woman possessed. Her eyes were wide in her face, frantic and wary,

as if the very camera was a weapon of destruction.

"Early this afternoon, two bodies were found bearing the signature of The Devil's Night Killer. Harley Smith, age thirty seven, was found murdered in her home, stabbed to death thirty one times. Live-in boyfriend, Alan Jameson, was found similarly, stabbed thirty one times - "

"It's starting again," was all Lynda said, her face eerie in the glow of the television.

It was then Annie noticed her hands were trembling.

* * *

><p>Shaken, Annie found herself gazing over her shoulder more often than not on her walk home. It suddenly seemed like a very bad idea to have wanted to exercise by walking to work that morning instead of taking her car.<p>

The leaves crunched underneath her feet, uncaring that despite their noise, the town was silent. Annie could feel the town closing in on itself yet again, as it often did during the days leading up to Halloween. All the decorations were still out, though, but all the joy she felt when staring at them this morning was gone. She didn't even hope to see a child in their costume. A child out and about after the events of this afternoon would be blasphemous.

As she walked along the sidewalk, she could practically hear the locks turning in the doors, though she knew that was probably a trick of her imagination.

She did know that locking her door would be the first thing she did when she arrived home.

As she rounded the corner to her house, she spotted Michael's car in the driveway. A sigh escaped her, relieving the stress that had been accumulating in her body the moment the murders were announced.

Her hands were still shaking. Annie didn't think they'd stopped since she saw the news report earlier. The keys slipped against the lock several times before sliding home. With more force than necessary, she twisted the keys and shoved the door open, her heart hammering in her chest.

"M...Michael?" she asked, hating the weakness in her voice. She paused, waiting desperately for his response.

"Yes?"

Anxiety fell from her shoulders like an overlarge coat. Annie strode into the kitchen, trying to plaster a brave look on her face.

"How was your day?"

Michael, obviously sensing something wrong, looked up from where his eyes were fixed on the deep black liquid that simmered in his favorite coffee mug. His strong gaze was enough to send shivers down her spine, making her feel as if she were exposed down to her very nerve endings.

In front of him was the newspaper. Annie could read the headline even from where she stood.

DEVIL'S NIGHT KILLER STRIKES AGAIN AFTER YEARLY ABSENCE.

"He's back," Annie ventured meekly.

Michael nodded, bringing the coffee cup to his lips.

A silence settled between the two of them.

"Don't you care?" Annie found herself growing angry for his lack of concern. He had always been like this, unconcerned about even the most morbid goings on within the community. And when these killings started, all around Halloween. He never said a word about them. He'd read the paper, nod a bit, but he'd never admit that he was concerned about anything.

"What?"

"It could be me one day," she said, the words spilling out violently. Michael placed his mug down on the table, sitting it on the edge of the newspaper. "Would you just...not care?"

A beat.

Then, forcefully, "It would never be you."

This bristled Annie's already raised hackles. "How can you be so sure of that? You don't know! I could be home folding clothes or walking back from work, and it could happen. Or worse, you could be with me and then we would both - "

"I would kill anyone that tried to lay a hand on you."

The words prepared in response were ripped from her, and Annie just stared at him, mouth hanging open, the ferocity of his words hanging in the air like a body from a noose.

* * *

><p>That night, Annie found herself slipping into sleep easily enough, but was plagued by nightmares that would chill even the most seasoned criminal's bones. Bleeding bodies, screaming children, upset mothers mourning their lost daughters.<p>

In the midst of a particularly violent interlude in the dream, Annie cracked her eyes open to see her husband lowering himself onto the edge of the bed.

"M..." she started, but was unable to finish the sentence, for she was quickly tugged back into the sea of sleep.

* * *

><p>"At six o'clock this morning, police were called to 707 Little Root Drive, where they were met with a grizzly scene. Twenty-eight-year-old Maya Louis was found stabbed to death in her home. The scene bears the typical destruction and carnage of The

Devil's Night Killer, including the thirty one stab wounds viciously inflicted on the victim. The violence displayed in this killing was heightened from the previous murders, and this has police wondering if this was personal - "

Listening to the news report that morning, Annie found herself unable to even stir her coffee. The spoon kept clinking against the side of the mug. At one point, so harshly she thought she would shatter the strong porcelain.

She breathed in deeply, pulling the wool blanket further over her shoulders. A lot of the town's functions had been suspended today. Barring the hospitals, court house, grocery store, and gas stations, almost every other business was closed for what looked like the week. Not unusual. When the killings started each year, this activity was commonplace. And a town built on small, family owned businesses had no problem packing up and hunkering down for the oncoming destruction.

Lynda had called her, distraught, at around seven this morning when the report first surfaced, and she was coming over later today. She and Maya had been college roommates, and this particular killing - more than most in the small town of Haddonfield - struck close to home for her.

Michael was told to stay home as well.

Annie wasn't sure if she wanted him here. After their spat yesterday and the chilling way he ended their conversation, she felt oddly exposed. Which was completely the opposite of what she should have been feeling.

He was sitting in the living room, long legs propped up on an ottoman as he leaned back in his normal chair. He had it on the news for the last two hours, and Annie was subjected to hearing every single grisly detail as it was uncovered.

"Post-mortem, Louis' body was hung on one of beams in her basement. Police were alerted after screaming and sounds of a struggle were heard early this morning, around three. No further details are being released at this time."

Maybe that was a blessing in disguise.

* * *

><p>Often Annie wondered why the police hadn't caught him.<p>

They've had years. Certainly, the killer left some clues. Even the most gruesome of murderers - like the infamous child killer Fred Krueger - messed up. DNA left at the scene of his last murder led to his arrest, trial, and conviction. And eventual murder within prison walls by another inmate.

So why was this guy so difficult to catch? Annie had no idea. She racked her brain about it, constantly asking questions to her father, the former sheriff on the case. A heart attack had retired him early, but he still was given all the information about the latest killings, evidence that the new guys at the station thought would lead them to

their big break.

According to her dad, The Devil's Night Killer was an odd one. Most serial killers had some kind of sexual motive, and yet none of that was present in his murders. No DNA evidence of any sort came into play. The victims themselves had been scoured for any kind of evidence. No material under their fingernails, not a hair from the killers head, not a fingerprint left behind.

Nothing.

It was almost like this killer was a shadow. Creeping under the cracks in the doors like a shapeless mass, able to conform himself to anything. Hide anywhere.

Kill anyone.

The only thing distinctive was his pattern. The week before Halloween, the murders stopped, with the most violent and numerous ones occurring on Halloween itself. It was as if the killer were two separate people. Clinical and calculated on the days leading up to the holiday, but crazed the last day of his spree. As if it were a trigger of some sort.

As day three began, Annie could only ponder.

* * *

><p>The report came later in the afternoon. Four o'clock to be exact.<p>

"Sally McNeil and Jose Yimenez were found murdered this evening at around three thirty. Their bodies were both stabbed thirty one times. The male appeared to be eviscerated - "

Five.

Five dead in three days.

Annie swallowed and subconsciously curled closer to the reassuring form of her husband, hoping beyond hope that she would be spared.

* * *

><p>She wondered to herself when there was ever a time when this town wasn't tainted by the wicked hand of a killer.<p>

The fourth day rolled around without much preamble. People were still frightened of their own homes. Annie herself checked each and every room when she arrived home after grocery shopping that day. Michael had been courteous enough to tag along, helping her carry the heavier bags, but it was the newspaper on the front step that frightened her most.

DEVIL'S NIGHT KILLER CLAIMS FOUR MORE VICTIMS ON FOURTH MORNING.

Morbidly and deliriously humorous, Annie thought, _Now he's coordinating his numbers?_ before entering the house, Michael trailing behind.

* * *

><p>Annie sighed and pressed her forehead to the window.<p>

Rain.

The water beat against the glass harshly, thrumming against the panes as if it were a thousand tiny fists. She closed her eyes and tried to imagine what she used to do, when she was a girl. Spread her hands out and twirl in the rain. A careless, free child, unburdened by the weight of all life's complications.

She exhaled, the warmth of her breath fogging the coolness of the glass.

It was the fifth day. Only one death - a girl named Victoria Call - found murdered in her home. Stabbed thirty one times. Quite the decrease in victims since the night before.

A large hand pressed against her shoulder, warm and all-encompassing. Automatically, unwillingly, she relaxed and leaned into the welcome touch.

"I'll get dinner started," Michael offered.

Annie raised her head, feeling a bit like she was in a dream. A smile passed over her face as if it willed by some force other than her own. And, then, a strange joking tone entered her voice, "This is new."

His lips twitched the slightest amount, as if fighting amusement, and just that made Annie's chest feel that much lighter.

* * *

><p>Annie rolled over in the early morning of what she knew was the sixth day.<p>

As awful as it sounded, Annie was grateful that there was only today and tomorrow left.

And then, if the pattern held, they'd have one more year of peace.

It was five in the morning, darkness lightening between the curtains. Annie turned back over and stared at the spot where Michael...

Where Michael _should _be.

Her breath caught in her throat. She jolted up, all sleepiness gone from her bones.

"Michael?" she breathed, her voice scratchy and full of an unusual panic.

She slid out of bed, alert and hating herself for the sudden sense of doom that had come over her.

Sixth day...sixth day...five in the morning. That's...not in the pattern. You're okay, Annie. You and Michael are okay...

The thoughts ran through her head on loop, soothing and furthering her panic at the same time as she made her way down the stairs.

The lights were switched on downstairs, and the all too familiar scent of coffee permeates the atmosphere. She walked to the front door, where she saw that the wooden door was open, leaving the screen door the only barrier between her and the outside. Annie stepped forward, grasping the door handle with a slightly reassured grip, and pulled the door open.

"Hon?" she called, the chilly air breaking over her skin, her bare feet making contact with the wooden boards of the porch.

Looking out of place, Michael sat on the front porch, in one of the white painted rocking chairs. Still as death. A coffee mug in his hands mammoth hands. He didn't turn his head to look at her.

"Why are you out here?" she asked, approaching him.

"Couldn't sleep," he said, shortly.

Annie ran the ball of one of her feet along the worn wood of the porch. "Do you mind if I join you?"

It was then that he registered her presence. He was in his pajamas and looked to be freshly showered, but then again, Annie was probably just seeing things in her sleep deprived state.

"I never mind," he replied, softer this time.

Annie gave him a smile, one that lit up her whole face, it felt. She didn't remember the last time the two of them partook in something as simple as this, and it gave her a strange kind of thrill.

So, Annie decided that - for now, before the news of the next murders surfaced - she would just sit with him and watch the sun rise.

* * *

><p>"People are urged to stay take every single precaution possible, as tomorrow is Halloween. The Devil's Night Killer has notoriously strayed from pattern on the 31st, for reasons unknown. The killings no longer happen in the morning, but develop more during the night, and are infinitely more vicious. People are encouraged to keep weapons handy, as the killer no longer differentiates between victims at this point, psychologist Dr. Sam Loomis reports - "

* * *

><p>Halloween.<p>

The streets are deserted, not a child in sight. She can't even begin to express how much sadness that very fact projected onto her. Halloween was a time meant for harmless mischief, not something that was the definition of nightmares.

Annie curled up on the couch, wrapped in her blanket, eyes blankly

watching the television. She felt like screaming, like crying, helpless and numb.

The last day...the last day...

Often, she would change her glance from the television to the window. She could faintly make out the leaves falling from the tree in the front yard. Red and yellow and brown. Pretty colors, even though it meant the leaves were dying...

Like everyone in this town.

Annie shook her head and focused on the television once more. Probably out of a sense to terrify herself, she had turned it onto one of the many specials on serial killers.

Dr. Sam Loomis, resident of Haddonfield, was a renowned psychologist, specializing in the criminal side of things. Profiler of many killers, such as Jason Voorhees, Fred Krueger, Billy Lens, the infamous Hewitt family, and many others.

The Devil's Night Killer was Dr. Loomis' topic of choice.

"It's obvious that the killer has some sort of...affiliation with the Halloween season," _his accented voice rang clear through the speakers of the flatscreen television. _"The number thirty one is prominent. Thirty one stab wounds. October thirty first. You don't have to be a psychologist to make these connections. The coroner revealed most of the deaths occurred during the three o'clock hour, also known as The Witching Hour, by many superstitious individuals -"
_"

Annie leaned against the arm of the couch, resting her cheek against it. _I could have told them that._

"Unless you count the day of Halloween itself. This day counts as some kind of trigger. The killer must have some kind of aversion to the holiday, some kind of suppressed rage that just consumes him on this particular occasion. This is when we see him at his most violent. Just last year, he took the lives of ten people on this day alone. Silently. No one ever reports anything as it happens, which goes to show you the level of his planning - "
_"

The brunette sighed to herself, closing her eyes and letting the facts settle. It was nothing she hadn't heard before, but there was something particularly enlightening about hearing it now.

_Michael... _the name floats across her thoughts.

He had been called into work today, which was unsurprising. He always worked on Halloween, even when all the rest of town had been practically quarantined. She didn't blame him. October 31st was a particularly difficult day for him -

_" - some kind of trigger - "
_"

_" - aversion - "
_"

_"- rage - "
_"

Annie wasn't sure why those words kept playing on repeat in her mind, interspersed with images of her husband's emotionless features.

* * *

><p>November 1st dawned with twelve dead and an unspoken promise, as if the killer was saying, "No more dead for a year."<p>

It was disturbing how much control he had over their lives.

Annie fell asleep before Michael arrived home. She kept it on the news constantly, because as soon as there was an update about the killer, there would be a blast of noise and then a blurb about what happened so far. She must have been deep asleep, because this morning she woke in her own bed, with Michael by her side. She figured he came home, saw her on the couch asleep, and carried her upstairs. Neither of them had touched the television or radio, almost as if not wanting to know what was happening in the outside world.

As she fixed her hair for work, she watched as Michael stepped out of the shower, wrapping a towel around his waist quickly.

"Still shy after all these years," she teased.

Michael snorted in what could have been construed as amusement.
"Yeah, yeah."

* * *

><p>Annie walked to work, breathing deeply and grateful that she was still able to do so.<p>

There was a strange sense of lightness in the air, despite the tragedy. There were people out in their yards, playing with their children, uncaring and grateful for something Annie couldn't even comprehend.

As she opened the door to her workplace, she quickly found out.

The atmosphere in the building was tense, heavier than outside. It was as if she stepped into a completely different world.

"Why are you here?" Lynda asked harshly, arching a perfectly sculpted eyebrow.

"What do you mean? We're working today, aren't we?"

Annie was hit with a sense of deja vu as Lynda headed into the break room. This time, the television was already on, and her boss was standing at it in stunned silence, arms slack at his sides as the current chief of police addressed the entire city of Haddonfield. A sense of victory was radiating off of him, as if he had won the Super Bowl single-handedly.

_"Last night, twelve people were murdered by Haddonfield's serial killer, bringing his total victims to fifty seven. This is where the number will stay. Last night, a witness was found at one of the crime scenes. Ten-year-old Mark McNeil was found at the McNeil residence, after his babysitter and her boyfriend were murdered. The boy was

able to get a glimpse of the killer, and early this morning provided us with enough information to get a sketch."_

An image replaced the police chief's triumphant face.

"This, residents of Haddonfield, is The Devil's Night Killer."

The dark, depthless eyes. The strong jaw. The short cropped hair and the aquiline nose. The scar that streaked across his collar bone.

Left breathless, Annie felt her entire self hollow out, leaving her with nothing but emptiness as she whispered, "...Michael?"

* * *

><p>The events that happened after that seemed to go very slowly and very quickly at the same time.<p>

Lynda, telling her that she sent her husband to go report it to the police.

Annie, backing away from her blonde friend, denial burrowing deep in her chest. _"You can't!" _she had screamed. _"You can't!"_

Then, Annie racing out of the door, her feet carrying her slower than she wished. Her heart thrumming in her chest. Her feet pounding the sidewalk as she raced desperately towards something that she couldn't even comprehend. Even her labored breath seemed to push out, _Mi-chael, Mi-chael, Mi-chael._

Rounding the corner, she thought her heart stopped for the second time that day.

In front of her house were four cop cars, sirens blaring, lights flashing. Michael's car was still in the driveway.

_"Mr. Myers, come out peacefully and we won't have to resort to force," _an officer with a loudspeaker called out. Annie heard it as if she were listening through water.

"Michael!" she screeched, racing forward. "_Michael!_"

An officer reached out and grasped her wrist tighter than was required. "Ma'am. We cannot allow you entrance."

"I will make sure you are incapable of having children if you don't _let me see my husband_"

The door creaked open. Immediately, all officers drew their guns.

Michael stepped out and started to make his way down the stairs. Annie didn't want to think it, but for someone who was so strong, he looked awfully vulnerable in her eyes.

"Hands on your head, Myers!"

Sighing as if this whole thing was completely unnecessary, Michael put his large hands on his head as he stepped toward the throng of

officers. Four men overtook him and cuffed his hands. Surprisingly, he put up no kind of fight. Annie watched in horror, constantly trying to go to him but to no avail. Her wrist was still in a vise.

It did ease her tension a bit when the officers had to lead Michael by her to get him into one of the cop cars. In that moment, Michael spoke in such a chilling, protective manner that it almost brought Annie to tears.

"Get your hands off of my wife."

* * *

><p>They finally allowed her in her house when all the evidence was collected.<p>

Or, lack thereof.

No "trophies", as they called them. Nothing to connect Michael physically to the crime. Nothing other than the boy's testimony and the sketch that resembled him so much it was painful to look at.

The police walked past her, some giving her sympathetic looks, others looking at her as if she were a piece of something unpleasant they had squashed with their shoe.

Numb, Annie didn't even have the will to curse at them.

The one thing that broke through her haze was his coffee mug.

Sitting on the counter, steam still rising from the black liquid within, it was a horrible reminder of the normalcy she had once known.

Annie could picture Michael sitting at the table, letting the mug warm his large hands, his expression calm and thoughtful even early in the morning. The very thought of him sitting here, unknowing of what was about to happen, caused her to feel a sense of panic. The panic turned into sadness. Sadness into a blinding grief.

Emotionally spent, Annie leaned her back against the wall as she lowered herself to the floor, always keeping that coffee mug in her sights, unable to think of anything else as the tears finally made their appearance.

* * *

><p>Annie supposed she never really knew the definition of chaos until then.<p>

Now, there were always people coming up to her. Some screamed, some hugged her, some accused her of being in on it the whole time. More than once her house was vandalized. More than once she caught the people doing it, but they never stalled when that happened. It was as if seeing her was fuel to their fire.

"_How _could you not know?!" some would shout at her.

The answer was, simply, she had no idea.

Lynda would come over more and more. She wanted to kill Michael herself for what he did to Maya, but she was always a friend to Annie. Lynda brought her food, made her coffee, helped her scare away the angry townspeople who threw their hatred in the wrong direction. "Right house, wrong occupant," Lynda would say.

Michael had confessed readily. He didn't deny anything, just stated what he did in a cold voice that she had never heard from him. Recalled details. He didn't remember names, but he remembered numbers. Number of victims, ages, what he used to kill them.

"Why" was the biggest question.

Annie wasn't sure if she wanted to know.

* * *

><p>She supposed the whole thing was like losing a loved one. The steps of coping were all mixed up, however. She'd go back a step, forward two steps, ending up in some kind of emotion she couldn't even begin to comprehend. It was all some strange sort of waltz that she wanted to run from.<p>

Denial was ever present. Annie didn't want to believe that Michael did these things. She wanted to foolishly hope that the little boy was wrong, that he had saw wrong. That it was really their neighbor instead of...of...

Annie still had a hard time thinking his name. Sometimes it would burst through the walls she built around her emotions, scarring her even more than the reason he was no longer in her bed at night.

Sickeningly, she missed him.

* * *

><p>Rounding the corner to her house, Annie saw that the vandals were at it again.<p>

Toilet paper adorned the trees, messages and curse words were spray painted in the grass and along the side of the house. Broken bottles and smashed eggs littered the porch; she had to step over them to safely get into her home. A window was shattered, but there was no other evidence of vandalism inside the place.

She slung her purse onto the floor and made her way into the living room. Morbidly curious, Annie flipped on the television, like she always did when she arrived home. _His _arrest had made national news. People were coming from all over to interview him from where he was currently incarcerated, awaiting his trial in the small jail in Haddonfield.

She hadn't seen him since the day of his arrest.

Annie could hear the wind whistling through the broken window. She sighed to herself as she moved to put some tin foil over it, as sort

of a barrier against the elements. That done, she moved back to the couch where she had slept since the day _he _had been revealed as The Devil's Night Killer.

She just couldn't bring herself to even venture into the room they shared together. The one time she walked up to remove all her clothes from the room was the only time she went up there since everything went down. Even then, the sight of his neatly folded shirts, of his pants and socks, of the ruffled bed sheets, all of it caused her to ache.

Dr. Loomis was on the television again. Annie found herself hating the man the more she saw him. Curling up with her blanket, she figured she might as well listen to what he was saying.

"I have never seen eyes like his...the blackest eyes...the Devil's eyes..."

Eyes that had looked at Annie with a semblance of humanity. Eyes that had once held a spark of life. Eyes that sometimes smiled along with him when she said something that he found equal parts humorous and absurd.

Angered, Annie muted the television and curled over, facing the back of the couch and willing herself to sleep.

* * *

><p>The days blurred together, the only constants being work and sleep, with the occasional death threat thrown her way.<p>

"The wife of the monster," they called her.

At one point, she had been bombarded with reporters, clamoring for a statement.

"Mrs. Myers, can you give a statement regarding your husband's arrest for the murder of fifty seven people over the last twenty years?"

She'd never answer any of their questions, only saying one thing.

"Brackett. My name is Brackett."

* * *

><p>"Hello?"<p>

"Yes, Mrs. Myers, this is Officer Shelby from the police station."

"What do you want?"

"As you know, Mr. Myers has been asking to see you. Have you reconsidered?"

"No. I don't want to see him."

Click.

* * *

><p>Maybe she should have found it unusual, that the police were so adamant that she see her...husband. If she were them, she'd have wanted him to have no contact with the things he found important.<p>

Though, Annie had to question if she was even important to him in the first place.

There were times that she wanted to see him. Times that she wanted to see him just so she could give him a piece of her mind. Times that she wanted to see him just so she could sob in front of him.

There were times that she didn't want anything to do with him. She wanted to wash her hands of him, wanted to watch him rot in prison.

And then there were times she didn't know what to do.

Those were the most prominent.

* * *

><p>" - murderer or fifty seven people - "

" - clear psychopathic tendencies - "

" - to-the-point, clinical in his speech - "

" - large, intimidating figure - "

" - unable to feel emotion - "

As Annie flicked through the countless channels broadcasting information on the subject of her husband, she couldn't begin to fathom why the last phrase cut her deeper than the others.

* * *

><p>Returning from work had become the worst part of her day.<p>

It was then she'd have to be locked in her house, all alone. As the details leaked out, people got more violent, though Lynda still made a point to be friendly and visit whenever she could.

Seeing her house, she wondered if the people of Haddonfield had a pact to see who could cause the most damage to her abode. This time, the two rocking chairs up front had been hacked to indistinguishable pieces. There were even hack marks in the front door, as if they had tried to get inside. There were a few spaces of porch railing that were chopped away and thrown in the yard. A pumpkin, a cruel reminder of the time of the year in which _he _stalked his victims, was left on the doorstep with the word _killer _carved crudely into its flesh.

Fighting tears of frustration, Annie stepped over the pieces of wood, over the pumpkin, and tried to open the door, only to find the doorknob had been removed.

"Oh, God," she sighed, kicking the door with a foot. It swung open, surprisingly, and Annie glanced at it wide eyed, thinking the worst had happened. That they had finally moved their rage to the inside of her home.

Annie stepped through the threshold, expecting the worst, but finding nothing.

"I scared them off for you."

Letting out a shriek, Annie whirled around and saw Dr. Sam Loomis sitting - as if he hadn't a care in the world - in her husband's usual spot at the kitchen table.

"The _fuck_ are you doing in my house!" she exclaimed, storming over to him and shoving his shoulder.

He raised his hands, clearly about to say something degrading about her temper, no doubt, but thought better of it. "Mrs. Myers -
"

"_Brackett_!" she screeched, teetering on what she felt was the edge of her sanity. "My name is _Brackett_!"

Loomis looked at her as if sensing something very off about the way she carried herself. He didn't lower his hands until she had stopped shouting. Her chest was heaving, her eyes wide and angry, fists clenched tightly at her sides.

"What may I call you, then?"

"Annie," she said. "Just Annie." No Brackett. No Myers. She just wanted to be Annie for once. Not the "monster's wife" or the "bitch that knew everything all along" or "that poor woman". Just Annie. No one else.

"Annie," Loomis tested the name out. It sounded odd, hearing that voice she had heard on the television so many times, saying _her_ name. "I came here to visit and apparently interrupted some...activity that I believe has become rather commonplace."

"_Visit_?" she scoffed. "You say that like we're old friends."

"We might as well be," he said. Annie didn't feel the need to dispute that.

The silence that enveloped them was short lived. Annie broke it with the obvious question. "What are you here for?"

"Your husband - "

Annie tensed.

"Okay, then, _Mr. Myers_ wishes to see you."

Her heart stalled in her chest, and then kicked in double time. She set her shoulders, her jaw tight, no remorse in her eyes as she said, "No."

"Annie - "

"No!" she shouted, feeling all the frustration start to take its toll on her. "I don't see why he should get anything he wants! I...I..."

At this point, Loomis stood up. He took her wrists in her hands and said, "Annie, Annie, shh."

"_Don't_" she cried, jerking her hands away from him.

She took several deep breaths, hating that this was getting to her so. It was almost as if she were younger, with emotions running wild and her being unable to control any of them. Annie closed her eyes and tried to imagine something else. Tried to imagine the last time she was happy. To imagine a time before her world got turned on its head.

She found nothing.

"Why does he want to see me?" she asked, not wanting to really hear the answer.

Loomis looked at her, his ice blue eyes sympathetic in his wrinkled face. She was unable speak for a while, unexpected to see this reaction from him. "He has done terrible things, but he..."

"What?" she asked, resting all her weight on one hip. "_Cares_? No. No, no, no. According to _you_, he's an 'emotionless monster, unable to make the most basic human connections.'"

"Yes, but - "

"And you're acting as his _advocate_?" Annie crossed her arms, disgusted despite herself. "What kind of psychologist _are _you_, anyway?"

Loomis didn't look taken aback like he should have been. Instead, he spoke rationally, making Annie irrationally angrier. "Believe it or not, Annie, I'm acting as _your _advocate."

She narrowed her eyes at him.

"I've seen you around town. You look worse every time I see you. When was the last you've slept a full night? When was the last you've eaten a full meal?"

Annie's silence said everything.

"This isn't about giving him what he wants, Annie. It's about giving you some semblance of closure. Talk to him, even for a few minutes. It may help ease your mind."

* * *

><p>Annie went to see him on Christmas Eve.<p>

She didn't dress up for him. Annie didn't feel he deserved to witness her looking her best. He needed to see what he did to her, needed to

see what all he'd taken from her. She wore jeans and a ratty sweater, forgoing makeup in favor of showing the effects of the constant restless nights. Her old sneakers made little noise as she was led by an officer to the room they had prepared for her conversation with the taker of so many innocent lives.

Michael had been transferred from the small jail in Haddonfield to Illinois State Penitentiary after a riot broke out. This penitentiary was different. Cleaner. Stark in scope and just as cold.

The officer stopped them outside the room and gave her a few bits of information. The prisoner's hands were shackled together and fastened to the table. The prisoner's feet were shackled and fastened to the table. The table was bolted down, so there was no chance in him flipping it and going after her. If she felt uncomfortable at any point, all she had to do was press the buzzer on the side of the door and they would be in there in less than a second. There would also be people watching them, as if this was some sort of sick experiment.

Annie wasn't frightened. Even if he had been roaming free in the room, she wouldn't have been frightened.

The officer opened the door for her and ushered her in the room, giving her a look that was a mixture of pity and wonderment. That look was one of the many she had received. It basically said, "I feel so sorry for your situation, but how did you not know your husband was a monster?"

She wondered if Whitney Voorhees faced these same situations. Annie found herself strangely relating to her. Whitney, too, was the wife of a killer. Jason Voorhees had killed eighty one people over the course of fifteen years, making him the most prolific killer in American history. She wondered if Whitney denied her name, refusing to be called Voorhees. Wondered if Whitney still felt the effects of her husband's actions.

Wondered if Whitney visited her husband in prison.

But that was neither here nor there, Annie figured as she walked in the room, taking in all the other features of the place - blank walls, no fixtures or anything that could be construed as dangerous - before her eyes settled on him.

Every bit of oxygen left her body.

His large frame was hunched over as a result of the shackles. He had lost weight, she could plainly see. The orange jumpsuit hung limply off him. If it wasn't mandatory, she would have thought they were mocking him for the holiday after which he was named. His hair had grown just the slightest bit, and she had a fond memory hit her, way back when they were first dating and his hair was long. She would run her fingers through it and smile and he would brush her hand away and sheepishly laugh.

Her heart constricted just a bit when she realized he had been looking at her ever since she entered the room.

"...the blackest eyes...the Devil's eyes..."

Her traitorous heart had started beating faster, her breath quickened. Blood rushed to her cheeks and she started to wring her hands as if she were a school girl and not a grown woman. She swallowed, not wanting to be the first to bridge the gap between the two and speak.

He seemed to realize this and said, "Annie."

She inhaled deeply as the syllables rolled off his tongue. It had been so long since she'd heard him say her name...

But she couldn't get sentimental now.

No.

"Michael," she addressed. It was then she realized that was the first time she'd said his name since he got arrested.

His face softened in the most minute way that anyone else would have missed it. He didn't move his gaze from hers and said, "Are you going to sit down?"

"When I'm ready to," she replied, harsher than intended.

Michael nodded. He had always accepted her wishes, never tried to change anything about her. It was something she lov -

No.

She would not allow those thoughts to enter her head. The ones that brought up happier times, times in which she really felt as if she had her feet on solid ground, with a man that cared about her.

Annie eyed the chair like it was some kind of venomous snake. Pursing her lips, she finally moved closer and sat down, easing herself into the cool metal, bolted down to the floor beneath her.

Michael looked at her, a vague sense of concern lighting his features. Annie tried not to look at his eyes, tried not to hear Loomis' echoing words over and over again as they paraded through her brain. He tilted his head to the side, a curious animal staring down something they had never seen before. Annie felt the urge to hit him.

"Why did you want to see me?" Annie demanded, the words spilling out of her like water over the lip of a bucket.

He didn't look taken aback by her harsh tone; rather, he looked like he expected nothing less. Michael rolled his shoulders as much as he could in the position he was in.

"No answer?" she prodded, hating his silence. He'd always been silent, even throughout their marriage, but if she really wanted an answer from him, she'd get one.

"You should know the answer," he responded.

Annie leaned forward, for once showing the extent of her tiredness. Her elbows propped on the cool steel of the table and she pressed her

face in her hands. "I don't know any of the answers anymore, Michael."

There was a rattling of his restraints, almost as if he had tried to move a hand towards her.

But no. Michael wouldn't comfort her.

Monster, monster, monster...

She could hear his feet shuffling. Despite all their trying, the prison couldn't actually nail his feet to the floor.

"I'm...surprised you are here," he ventured, strange in his hesitance.

"Yeah? Me too."

"Usually, when you set your mind to something, you stick to it."

"Usually, that's the case."

Annie realized she still had her head in her hands. Looking upward, she found that Michael was gazing at her steadily. That cool, unperturbed gaze that had been commonplace throughout their entire time together. He never seemed to get ruffled. Sometimes, she found herself wishing that he would just scream. Get angry. Throw things.

Now that she knew what skeletons he had in his closet, she was sure she knew where he focused his rage.

"That old bat Loomis talked some sense into me. Or out of me. Whichever."

Michael's lips twitched, like he was fighting a chuckle, and for a moment Annie felt they had gone back in time. That they weren't in the cold and unforgiving setting of an interrogation room and were back in their quaint little house. _Happy._

Happiness had never seemed so far out of her grasp.

"I have missed you."

Her heart lurched. _Traitor._

"Do you even mean that?" she asked, meekly, hating herself for hoping that he was being truthful. "I know what they've been saying on television."

"Not everything is as black and white as they make it."

"I wouldn't know."

Michael stared at her, and there was that slight rattling of chains again. As if he wanted to touch her, but couldn't. _Though,_ Annie admitted, _I could be imagining things._

And she asked the question that had been on her mind the entire time.

"_Why_?"

She didn't mean for her voice to sound so broken, so unlike herself, so full of unshed tears, but that was how it manifested, hanging in the space between them like an awkward third party. Her heart had sped up even before she voiced the one word that could shatter her beyond repair, her hands fiddling with the frayed hem of her sweater. The rustling of chains sounded again, but Michael remained stationary.

He looked impassive, but reluctantly so. As if he wanted to share a secret but was afraid of the repercussions.

Michael said nothing, only gave her a ghost of a smile, faint and thready, like a fading pulse.

"I'm a monster."

"Not everything is that black and white," she snapped fiercely.

"Do you want to believe I'm not a monster?"

"I want to believe that this whole marriage...that it...it..." she tried to voice the words, tried to make them fit together just so, but was unable, especially when she connected her eyes with his.

"You were my one selfish act, Annie. I knew what my problems were, but I took you anyway. For that, I am sorry."

"Shut up," she said, gritting her teeth. "Shut up..."

Michael tilted his head to the side again. She couldn't help but feel a pang at it, remembering the familiarity of the action. He'd do it when she said something particularly ludicrous, when her words were so nonsensical that it made him laugh. The very thought of it made her eyes prick, and she turned away, hating the look she knew he just saw cross her features.

"If I were to tell you why I did the things I did, it wouldn't make sense to you. I just knew that...there was something inside me that...made those things necessary."

Annie looked at him as if seeing him for the first time. "I don't..."

The chains rustled.

"You know what happened to my family...I guess, that changed me."

"That's what they're saying on the television," she admitted, hating that she was adding to the conversation even more. "That what you saw as a child changed you, made you...tune out. And that Halloween was a trigger for you."

"They wouldn't be incorrect," he replied.

Silence enveloped them.

"I'm so sorry," she blurted, not exactly sure why.

Michael gave her a bitter half-smile. "That's the last thing you should be."

Annie allowed herself to stare at him again, taking in his features. Just how different he looked. Now that he was locked away, he looked almost like he was...free. It was a silly notion, one that made Annie think she was continuing her spiral into insanity, but one that might have had some merit to it.

"The one thing I hate is that they treat me like I would ever hurt you."

Annie's breath caught, heart stuttering as if trying to match pace with her whirling thoughts. This isn't right...she shouldn't be feeling this way. Not for this man, not for any man that had caused so much destruction.

"I have to go," she said, hating herself for shoving away from the table as quickly as she did. The chains moved in a synergistic manner. Michael didn't say a word, but she could feel his eyes on her as she moved to the door, which opened for her almost automatically. Then the question made its appearance. The question she pondered as she watched Michael's arrest.

"Why didn't you kill that child?" she spoke, her voice shaky. "The one that saw you? If you had...killed him, then you wouldn't have gotten cau - "

"Never children," he said. "I'd never hurt a child."

Nothing made sense now. That had been her thought process as to why...

"Then why didn't you want kids?" she asked, forcing the words out of her as if they were barbed.

Without even having to contemplate his answer, Michael looked at her in a calm manner and said, "Because they would have ended up like me."

And that was it. The last straw. Annie felt pressure at the backs of her eyes and turned as if to leave.

"Will I see you again?" he called.

Needing to get out of that room - she was certain the walls were closing in on her - she paused a bit before giving a stiff nod for reasons unbeknownst to her and then closing the thick steel door behind her.

Annie raced to her car as if in a blur, her mind in the clouds and her feet painfully settled on earth. She stumbled a few times and finally made it to the parking lot. Sorrow pressed painfully on her chest, an unwelcome intruder, almost like her feet pressed on the freshly fallen snow, packing it down tightly. It had been so easy to

hate him when she didn't know anything, and now...the line had been blurred so much she couldn't even tell that there was a line in the first place.

Not everything is black and white, she thought bitterly.

As she climbed into the car, she found herself thinking that everything had turned into an uncomfortable shade of gray.

Left with that thought and protected from prying eyes by the confines of her car, Annie began to sob.

For what - or whom - she was crying for, she had no idea. All she knew was that the tears were coming, and with them, more relief. A lightness, a strange tugging in her chest that made her both feel slightly relieved as well as more confused. The tears fell with reckless abandon, her shoulders shook with the ferocity of her sorrow. She clenched her fists on the steering wheel, pressing her forehead onto her hands and hunching her back, filled with thoughts that were beyond her comprehension. Out of all the things she had found out, only one thing truly stuck in her mind, as if on repeat.

The Devil's Night Killer was a monster.

Michael Myers was her husband.

And - despite everything that told her she should feel otherwise - she loved him, still.

* * *

><p>"I had never, in my thirty years of being in this profession, seen anything like it. I watched as this media-proclaimed monster had a heart-to-heart with his wife after weeks of being apart. I watched as he watched her. I watched as those black eyes never left her, even when she appeared furious with him. I saw him become...human in those few moments. He was transformed from this hulking, unfeeling predator into someone that resembled a normal member of society. Many could make the case that this was a game on his part, but after years and years of dealing with these kinds of killers, I can resoundingly say that this is not the case.

He was gentle with her, more so than I'd ever seen him. I know many of you out there are shaking your heads, but I cannot stress this enough. If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I would not speak of it, but I can attest to this fact. This basic and simple fact. He genuinely cares for her.

I believe that this is a breakthrough in our field. It shows that these killers are not just single-minded automatons, focused on one manic purpose, but in some cases - like the case of Myers and his wife - are capable of actually feeling something. In some cases, the significant other can provide a sense of peace through the chaos that manifests in their minds.

I can say with utmost certainty that Annie Myers is the only person who is capable of bringing peace to such a damaged soul."

Dr. Sam Loomis

>Excerpt from "The Devil's Eyes"<p>

* * *

><p>End._

End
file.